THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE TIME

With the Soldiers

There remain in army hospitals throughout the country more than 27,000 soldiers still being treated for wounds received overseas. Red Cross workers give them the same sort of friendly aid—only more of it—that was given during the war. Furthermore, the Red Cross is teaching these lads occupations at which they can later make a living and is keeping in touch with their home folks in order that no dependents may suffer for lack of funds.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE TIME

Junior Red Cross

About 12,000,000 boys and girls, composing nearly half the school population of the United States, are members of the Junior Red Cross, which is helping the children of Europe, while at the same time it is doing an important work here at home. Kalitan Chetwolf, who wears the engaging smile shown in this picture, is the son of an Indian guide and trapper. He is the youngest Junior living in the neighborhood of Juneau, Alaska—and he sends greetings to fellow Juniors of the United States.

One Dozen Giraffes in America.

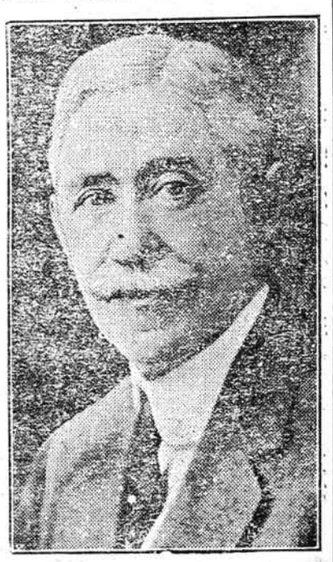
There are but 12 giraffes in this country—eight with circuses and four others in the zoos of New York and Philadelphia. Four of the 12 were raised by a Belgian named Andrew, in the employ of a circus, who used to be a hunter in Africa. He has made pets of them all, and Mary, who is almost nineteen feet high, responds instantly to his call and is delighted to eat sugar from his hand.

Mention this paper in answering Adv.

HEMPHILL EXPLAINS ORGANIZATION OF NEAR EAST RELIEF

Prominent New York Banker Says Aim Is 100% Relief of Starving Peoples.

"Just what is the Near East Relief?" is the question that many people are asking whose interests have been awakened to the terrible conditions existing in the Levant today," says Alexander J. Hemphill, President of the Guarantee Trust Company and well known New York banker and financier. "In prosaic facts, the Near East Relief is a body incorporated by act of Congress the object of which is 'to provide relief and to assist in the repatriation, rehabilitation and re-establishment of suffering and dependent people of the Near East and adjacent areas; to provide for the care of orphans and widows and to promote the social, economic and industrial welfare of those who have been rendered destitute or dependent, directly or indirectly, by the vicissitudes of war, the cruelties of men or other causes beyond their control.'



ALEXANDER J. HEMPHILL.

100 Per Cent Relief.

"The aim of the organization is 100 per cent relief, the relief which puts those aided on a self-supporting basis, which instills in them a confidence for the future, places in their hands the means with which to begin life anew, and in their hearts the courage to go on. Work, that is the prescription subscribed and provided by those loyal men and women who have journeyed into perilous places for the sake of their fellow men; to make these people independent for the future, to encourage the flickering fire of national pride.

"There are 82,291 workers employed in the industrial establishments of the Near East Relief, where wool is furnished for the women to spin and weave, and all the girls who are strong enough are washing wool, sewing beds, grinding and sifting wheat, tailoring and learning to make lace. The big problem is to make these women independent.

"About 500 American men and women, Near East Relief workers, are now in the field, including 36 eminent physicians and surgeons, 76 nurses, 7 mechanics, 15 industrial experts, 16 agriculturists, 14 bacteriologists, 197 relief workers, 25 supply and transport workers, 19 teachers, 20 administrators, 34 secretaries, 7 engineers and 15 army officers.

Where Money Goes.

"Funds for relief purposes are distributed in two ways: First, the various relief centers are authorized by the Executive Committee to draw sight drafts on New York for specific amounts each month; second, by supplies purchased in America, the major portion of which are shipped to the committee warehouses at Derindje, and the remainder either to Beyrouth or Batoum.

"The relief is rapidly expanding and meeting the situation, but the future depends on the continuation of American support."

According to Mr. Hemphill, the need for American help to see the destitute peoples of the Near East through the crisis of present conditions is greater now than ever before on account of the uncertainty as to the future, the truculence of the Turkish government and the danger of bolshevism from Russia which threatens to engulf the whole of Armenia.

Who Direct the Work.

Mr. Hemphill is the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Near East Relief. Other members are Dr. James L. Barton, Secretary of the Foreign Department of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; Edwin M. Bulkley, banker, of Spencer Trask & Co., New York; Judge Abram I. Elkus, former United States Ambassador to Turkey; Harold A. Hatch, a well known New York cotton man; Herbert Hoover; William B. Millar, one of the Secretaries of the Interchurch World Movement; Henry Morgenthau, United States Ambassador to Mexico; Edgar Rickard of the American Relief Administration; Charles V. Vickrey, who is Secretary of the Near East Relief, and Dr. Stanley White, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

Chlorine May Prevent Flu.

Breathing air impregnated with chlorine gas may prove to be a real preventive of influenza. During the recent epidemic, 184 volunteers were subjected to a total of more than 800 treatments at the University of Arkansas. Several children and a nurse engaged in caring for "flu" patients were among the subjects, of whom only one developed a new case, and that evidently had been previously contracted, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The treatment consisted merely of confinement in the chlorine room for five minutes a day, the gas content carrying from 43 to 273 parts in 1,000,000 of air.

REALLY NO GREAT MYSTERY

Though at First It Did Seem Remarkable Where Those Boy Scouts Were Coming From.

Now there are boy scout stunts and boy scout stunts, but it took a Terre Haute troop to put over the best one. It was at a meet at the First Baptist church, and they were illustrating an early morning at their summer camp, Kinneumapoose. The scenery, except for a small pup tent, was the regular church furniture. But still the audience could stretch its imagination enough to make the scene effective.

The first streak of dawn was announced, and then slowly there emerged from the pup tent a yawning, stretching scout. A wee interval, and another followed him. Another lapse of time, and another scout emerged from the tent. Then came others until there were 12 on the platform, and still others were coming. The audience was almost incredulous with amazement, for, as every one knows, a pup tent is so small that it cannot accommodate more than three boys at the limit.

Then out started the thirteenth, and evidently he was too sleepy, for he jostled the tent so that it slipped away from its mooring, and there back of it was the entrance to the pool for baptism. The youngsters had been concealed in it and used the tent merely as an entry to the platform.—Indianapolis News.

MEANT TO CALL THEM QUICK

Aunt Dinah Had No Idea of Allowing for Misunderstanding When She Rang the Bell.

Aunt Dinah, plantation born and reared, went to a nearby town to "hire out." She was very promptly hired by a young housewife, who, seeing her lack of familiarity with modern households, started to train her.

She showed Aunt Dinah her small silver-service bell—there were no electric bells in the old-fashioned house—and told her that when it was rung she must come into the dining room. Aunt Dinah said she understood. A few days later the mistress was seated on the broad veranda with a friend when she heard a tremendous clangor from the direction of the kitchen. It came nearer swiftly and soon identified itself as the sound of a large bell.

Puzzled, the housewife entered the hall and there stood Aunt Dinah, swinging a large dinner bell vigorously. "Why, what on earth is the matter, Aunt Dinah?" she gasped. "Why are you ringing that bell?"

"Well, Miss Mary, I thought dat was the way folks called each other in dis here house. Didn't you show me yo' bell the other day? I found dis one in de cupboard and I wanted you right quick in de kitchen, so I rung hit."

Labor Savers.

At a home in North Delaware street the man of the house gathered two or more bushels of nuts last fall and put them in the attic. His wife spends most of her time at the office with him, so the house is empty every day. However, recently the wife remained home one day and heard a terrific noise in the attic. Investigating she found two squirrels rushing around like mad, trying to get out a closed window. They had gnawed a hole in the roof as large as a grapefruit and had disposed of the whole mess of nuts. The owner said they saved him the trouble of feeding them, for he had gathered the nuts for them.—Indianapolis News.

Superstitious Sleuth.

"During the windstorm yesterday afternoon," related Constable Sam T. Slackputter, the sagacious sleuth of Petunia, "a sign board was blown off'm the front of the Right Place store and hit on the head a gent that was coming from the depot to deliver the lyceum course lecture at the op'ry house last night, and knocked him senseless. I d'know as I believe in omens and such things any more than the average person, but I couldn't help thinking that when a circumstance like that happens it is a sign of something.—Kansas City Star.

Twirling-Arms Dance.

Many new dances were shown at the dancing congress in Paris recently. Most of them, however, appeared to lack originality. An exception is the "Tchega," which is danced to the strains of Hindoo music. The "Tchega" would never meet with the approval of the British dancing masters, as it is most unsuitable for the English ballrooms. It consists of fantastic movements in which the arms are twirled round the head while the dancer performs short hesitation.—Daily Mail, London.

Measuring Distance in Turkey.

In Constantinople you ask: "How far is it to the consulate?" and they answer: "About ten minutes." "How far is it to Lloyd George's agency?" "Quarter of an hour." "How far to the lower bridge?" "Four minutes." I cannot be positive about it, but I think that there, when a man orders a pair of pantaloons, he says he wants them a quarter of a minute in the legs and nine seconds around the waist.—From "Moments With Mark Twain" (Harpers).

Classifying the Dog.

My little niece is very fond of animals. Seeing some children in the next yard tormenting a puppy she said: "You kids let that dog alone; don't you know dogs is people?"—Exchange.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

JAMES MADISON

1751, March 16—James Madison born at Port Conway, Va.
1772—Graduated at Princeton.
1776—In Virginia legislature.
1780-3, 1785-8—In Continental congress.
1787—In constitutional convention.
1789-97—In congress.
1794—Married Dorothy Todd Payne.
1801-9—Secretary of state.

AS JAMES MADISON made a great name for himself before entering the presidency and added nothing to it while in the White House, it must be that he was a good deal of a man but not much of a president.

Like all the more famous Virginians, Madison was not of the highest aristocracy, but the son of a plain, well-to-do farmer in an outlying county. His early life was passed at Montpelier, the farm which his grandfather had wrested from the Indians; from it he drew his only private income and at last he was buried in its soil. He was dependent on his father until he was fifty, when the latter died and the place became his own, with 100 slaves, who continued always to address him simply as "Master Jimmy."

Standing only five feet six inches and one-quarter inches, he was, with Grant the smallest of our presidents. Naturally thin and frail his zeal for study nearly wrecked his health while a student at Princeton college, where for months at a time he slept only three hours out of the 24. Unfitted for military duty when the Revolution came, he went to the Virginia legislature instead. Yet this seemingly broken-down young man was destined to be the longest lived of all the presidents, with the single exception of John Adams.

When a candidate for re-election to the legislature, Madison revolted

Dolly Madison.

against the old Virginia custom of setting up the drinks. His morality was mistaken for stinginess and the thirsty voters flocked to the capacious barrel of his opponent, who was elected. The defeated candidate had to wait a dozen years for his first chance to distinguish himself. Still no time was lost, for, while he was waiting, he diligently prepared to meet opportunity when it should come and made a close study of all governments, ancient and modern.

If Madison had not been crossed and blessed in love, posterity might not catch him on his human side at all and only yawn over this prosy, serious, studious, cool-tempered unaggressive, weazened, little great man. He was already a mature bachelor of thirty-two and a member of the Continental congress, when a sixteen-year-old girl in his Philadelphia boarding house was the first to touch a soft spot in his heart. A young clergyman who hung and sighed over her harpischord cut him out, and he was painfully awakened from his first dream of love by a letter of dismissal which, for reasons unknown to this later generation, the young miss sealed with a pinch of rye dough.

Madison was past forty, and well into his Indian summer, when he became involved in still another boarding house romance at Philadelphia. Only, instead of a lady boarder, he fell in love this time with a landlady's daughter, Dolly Payne Todd, who was only twenty-six, had lost her husband and was living with her mother, "who received into her house a few gentlemen boarders." Among them was Senator Aaron Burr of New York. Madison himself was staying at another house, where he and two other future presidents, Jefferson and Monroe, were living three in a room.

There the fame of the pretty young Quakeress traveled to him, and he asked Burr—they were at Princeton together—to take him to see her. The match flamed up in the flash of an eye, and Dolly and her boy were borne away to Montpelier, where she proved her tactfulness and kindliness by dwelling in peace under the same roof with her mother-in-law thirty-five years.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

A FUGITIVE PRESIDENT

1809—James Madison, inaugurated President, aged fifty-seven.
1812—(June 19) War declared.
1814—(Aug. 24-27) In flight from the British. (Dec. 28) treaty of peace.
1817—Madison retired from Presidency.
1826—Rector in University of Virginia.
1829—In constitutional convention.
1836—(June 28) died, aged eighty-five.

BUT for the smiles of his blooming Dolly, Madison's administration would be a desert without an oasis, over whose dreary expanse the weary biographer would wander athirst for human anecdotes. Her bubbling spirits relieved the austerity of Jeffersonian simplicity and won her a popularity that has been equaled, if at all, among the mistresses of the White House, only by Mrs. Cleveland.

Unless Grant must be excepted, Madison is the only president who found the presidency an anticlimax to his career. One of the really great law-givers of the nation, he was without executive force.

With a weak cabinet, this gentle, sweet tempered, peace loving scholar found himself adrift on the turbid sea of the great Napoleonic wars. Perhaps it was no longer possible to keep us out of the war when at last the United States was the only neutral left in the civilized world. But certainly it was no time for a fair-weather sailor.

After 20 years of kicking and cuffing from both sides in the European conflict, bullied by England and lied to by Napoleon, the country was sore all over when the "warhawks" of congress, under the youthful Henry Clay, seized the tiller of the ship of state

James Madison.

from Madison's irresolute hand and recklessly pointed the vessel straight into the teeth of the storm. The seaboard East was more for peace and at that time the military section was the new West, where the Tennesseans and Kentuckians, Indianians and Ohioans were lustily shouting "On to Canada!" Overborne by their rash counsels, Madison consented, as he said, to "throw forward the flag of the country, sure that the people would press onward and defend it."

Without competent civilian military leaders, without financial credit, without war equipment, the people could not press onward, as any history of the dismal war of 1812 will tell you. Even the capital was left undefended, and Madison, "in a little round hat with a big cockade," ran about in helpless bewilderment as the British marched upon Washington.

With the invaders entering at one side of the defenseless town, the president fled at the other. As he turned he saw the flames shooting up behind him, he fled faster and farther. While the British commander was blowing out candles on his dinner table that he might feast in the light of the burning White House, its fugitive master was hiding in a forest but 25 miles away.

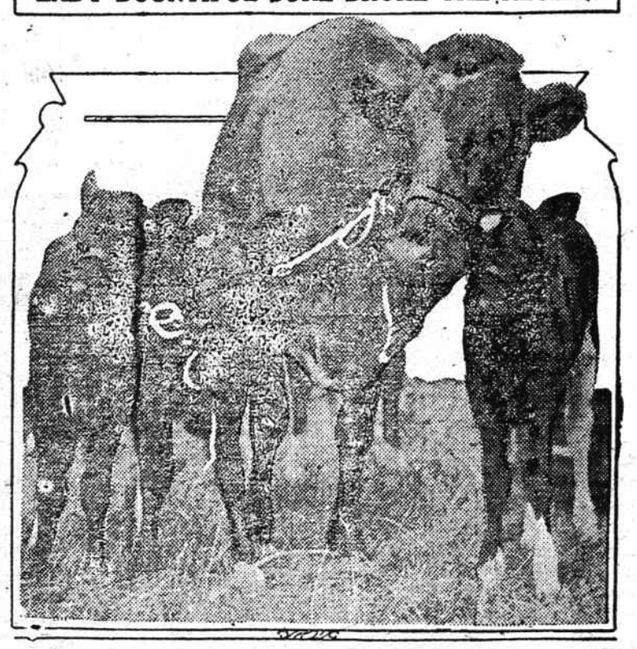
After an absence of three days, a heavy-hearted, shattered, houseless president returned to view the charred walls of his official residence and of the capitol. At every turn he was greeted by ugly mutterings of the general disposition to make him the scapegoat for all the national shortcomings in a war that had been thrust upon him. But with victory at New Orleans and the return of peace, the voice of the faultfinder was drowned in the hum of sudden prosperity. And in the closing days of his administration Madison was cheered by many assurances that his countrymen were not forgetful of the 40 years that he had served them in pure devotion.

Like John Adams, he emerged from his retirement to sit in the constitutional convention of his state, where the aged statesman closed his active public life, as he had opened it, with a sentiment of humanity for the slaves.

REDUCING

"Disagreeable process—in some cases painful, but makes for greater strength and vigor, solidity and stability."

LADY BOUNTIFUL SURE BROKE THE RECORD



Maple Lake, Minn., must be in a very healthful climate. At any rate that's where Lady Bountiful hails from, and she is the proud mother of triplets, all alive—very much so—and doing fine. The cow is owned by Tony Stumpf of that place.